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J. W. M. Pozer 30 Nov 31 1907

The Cost of It

'Ten dollars and costs,' so the wise judge said,
As out from his presence the man was led.
Just a common drunk—an everyday thing—
Still, there's room for a little pondering.

Ten dollars and costs! Is this all, wise man?
There is something amiss with your legal plan.
My reckoning, sir, is far from this—
There is something, I fear, which has gone amiss.
Did you count the cost of the man's disgrace,
His bloodshot eyes and his sodden face?
His trembling hands and shame-bowed head,
His step from which all blithences had fled?
The remorse that came with his sober thought,
Did you reckon the price with which it was bought?
Did you count in your judgment the precious price
Of a soul enslaved in the bonds of vice?
Of a life that was wrecked—a birthright sold,
Priceless, beyond all price of gold?

Did you count in your judgment, O man so wise,
The mother's tears in her brimming eyes?
Did you note the grief in her careworn face,
And the furrows made by a child's disgrace?
Did you count the prayers she has faltering said
That her child from sinful ways be led?

O judge, did you count all these, I say,
When you balanced accounts on that judgment day?

And the stricken wife with her broken heart—
Did you count that in with your cost as part?
Did you think of the shame of a drunkard's wife—
Her blasted hopes and her ruined life?
The nights of sorrow and days of woe
Laden with shame, as they ever go;
Did you count the prayer's that her lips had said
And the tears that flowed as her sad heart bled
At the thought of her children's cruel shame?
A drunkard father—a dishonored name!
Better by far had they never been born
Than to face the world with its pitiless scorn.

Did you count what it means—a strong man lost—
Or had this no part in your summed up cost?
A cumberer now where he might have been
A host for good 'mong his fellowmen—
A leader of strength—a hero to fight—
In the raging battle for good and right;
Might have led and paved the way
To some fair-famed goal and a better day;
Might have broken the chains of drink and vice
And lived in the glory of sacrifice!

Just a common drunk—no more—no less—
A spicy joke for the yellow press.
Just a common drunk—an everyday thing.
Yet there's room for a little pondering.

—'Home Herald.'

Alcohol, a Food or a Poison.

By Sir Frederick Treves, England's Greatest Surgeon.

The millions of beer, wine, whiskey, and brandy drinkers here and in England have recently had a bomb thrown in their midst by the most famous English surgeon of the day. Sir Frederick Treves, who was created a baronet in recognition of his distinguished ability, recently declared in a public speech that alcohol was purely a poison, and should be treated just like any other poison, such as strychnine. His words of warning have been given prominence by the London press, and have created wide-spread interest. A prominent journal declares that his address on alcohol was 'one of the most trenchant exposures that has ever been uttered by a distinguished medical man of the absolutely false claims made for alcohol.'

Sir Frederick Treves is almost revered by the English people. As the King's physician it was he who 'saved the King's life' in 1902 by operating upon him for appendicitis.

Sir Frederick is still a comparatively young man, being in the early fifties.

He is said to retire nightly at 9.30, and to rise at 5 or 5.30 a.m. He is deeply interested in the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, having helped to build the first hospital ship, and has even acted for a few days as ship-surgeon, giving his services freely to the poor disabled fishermen.

Sir Frederick spoke as follows:

I do not propose to trouble you with any detailed accounts of the effects of excessive drinking, and the lamentable diseases that follow from it. The train of physical wreckage that lies in the wake of drunkenness is, unfortunately, a matter of only too common knowledge. I should like, rather, to occupy your time for ten minutes in dealing with the effect of alcohol on the body generally.

The point with regard to alcohol is simple enough. It is a poison, and it is a poison which, like other poisons, has certain uses, but the limitations in the use of alcohol should be as strict as the limitations in the use of any other kind of poison. Moreover, it is an insidious poison, in that it produces effects which have only one antidote—alcohol again. This applies to another drug equally insidious, and that is morphia, or opium. Unfortunately, the term poison is by no means an exaggerated one, when it is realized that with alcohol, as drunk by many of the poorer classes, there is apt to be mixed a very

definite poison in the form of fusel oil.

There is no disguising the fact that alcohol is of late years less used by the medical profession. It has a certain position as a medicine; that no one will dispute. But looking back over hospital records for the past twenty-five years, there is little question that the use of alcohol is diminishing.

In the first place, some people say, 'Alcohol is a most excellent appetizer. There can be no possible harm in a little before a meal. It is, as the French say, an aperitif and helps digestion.' What are the facts? First of all, no appetite needs to be artificially stimulated. There is no need, supposing this property of alcohol to be true, to use anything that will excite an appetite. So that on that ground I do not think there is much to be made out for its use. Dr. Rolleston, writing in Allbutt's 'System of Medicine,' says that alcohol 'hinders artificial digestion.'

Then it is said that it is strengthening, and that it gives great working power. We hear a great deal of this in the advocacy of British beef and beer. That sounds very well, but let us view the facts. Alcohol modifies certain constituents of the blood, and on this account and on others, it affects prejudicially the nourishment of the body. It is said 'to diminish the metabolism of the tissues' or to lessen the activity of those changes by which the body is built up. The output of carbonic acid from the lungs is much lessened. The drinker invariably becomes ill-nourished. No man dreams of going into training and taking but a minimum of alcohol. Alcohol has undoubtedly a stimulating effect, and that is the unfortunate part of it. The effect, however, lasts only for a moment, and after it has passed away the capacity for work fails. It does this: it brings up the reserve forces of the body and throws them into action, with the result that when these are used up there is nothing to fall back upon. Its effect is precisely like a general throwing the bulk of his army into the fray and then bringing up, so far as he can all his reserves, and throwing them in also. The immediate effect may be impressive, but the inevitable result is obvious. As a work producer alcohol is exceedingly extravagant, and, like other extravagant measures, it is apt to lead to a physical bankruptcy. It is well known that troops cannot march on alcohol. I was with the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith. It was an exceedingly trying time apart from the heat of the weather. In that column of some 30,000 men, the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men, or the little men —but the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labelled with a big letter on their backs.

With regard to the circulation, alcohol produces an increased heart-beat, a fuller pulse, and a redder skin. It calls upon the reserve power of the organ, but the moment the effect has passed off, the action of the heart is actually weakened. Consequently, the temporary effect is produced at an unfortunate cost. Then there is its action on the central nervous system. 'Here,' writes the authority already quoted, 'it acts directly on the nerve cells as a functional poison.' It first stimulates the nervous system and then depresses it; and, as with other poisons which act upon this part of the body, the higher centres are affected first. They become a little dull—a little less quick and acute. It may be very trifling, but there it is; so that the man who does his work on alcohol—even on a moderate amount—is not at his best.

Alcohol is certainly inconsistent with what might be called fine work. It is inconsistent with a surgeon's work, and with anything that requires a quick, accurate, and alert judgment. I am much struck with the fact that many professional men have discontinued the use of stimulants in the middle of the day. Why? For no other reason, probably, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, than that they find they can work better without it.

'Oh, it is an excellent protection against cold. If you are going into the cold air, you ought to take a little "nip" of something. It does keep out the cold.' This argument is used so often that even medical men would sometimes seem almost to believe it. I can answer this impression with a quotation from the authority above named, that 'alcohol tends to lower the temperature by increased loss of heat, and to some extent by lessened oxidation, while the power of the body to resist cold is much reduced by it.' That answers this particular argument, which, as you know is one of the most potent circumstances under which alcohol is used in England.

There is a great desire on the part of all young men to be 'fit.' A young man cannot be fit if he takes alcohol. By no possibility can he want it. No one who is young and healthy can want alcohol any more than he can want strychnine.

In conclusion let me add one little testimony. Having spent the greater part of my life in operating, I can assure you that the person of all others that I dread to see enter the operating theatre is the drinker. I share with the late Sir James Paget his absolute dread of the secret drinker.

Peggy's Cabin.

Peggy O'Neill was an old woman who supplied us with milk during the summer we spent in Ireland. She was a tidy little body, with bright blue eyes and gray hair. She lived alone in a thatched cottage, only one room, and only one slit in the back wall to let in the light. It was clean enough inside, but almost dark when the door was shut.

We did not return to Ireland for two years, but when we came to Peggy's cabin we saw a great change. It had four windows with glass panes now. Peggy came out to see us, and saw that we were surprised at the improvement.

'Is it the window, sur? Yes, sur, it is a vast improvement, but it was not for meself I cared, but my brother died, and I brought home his little girl, and she has a broken back —God bless her!—and she has to lie in her bed all day, poor cratur.

'Then I said to myself, "This dark cabin is all the world she has, poor dear," and so I saved money and put a window in the west wall, and let in the fields and the sheep upon her. She lies and looks out to the sheep and lambs all day, bless her heart. Then I cut one more window in the east wall, and let in the sea, and she sees the ships now, bless her soul.

'And after that I said to myself—"I'll cut a window in the roof and she will see the stars at night," and so the heavens above are let in upon her too, glory be to God. And so the world is bigger for her although she has to lie in bed with a broken back.'

What a profound lesson I got from old Peggy's plan of letting in the beautiful things of God's making to the little invalid's room. To many of us our lives are narrow and uninteresting and monotonous. We are apt to mope and repine at our lot. The remedy is to cut windows in the walls of our life and let the light in.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Religious Notes.

'Kaukab i Hind,' published at Lucknow, says that 'at length, after forty-five years of missionary service, the Hon. and Rev W. Miller, D.D., C.I.E., is retiring to Scotland at the age of sixty-nine years. As a student he stood the first of his year in the university, and on coming out to Madras speedily acquired the reputation of a teacher of rare genius. He not only taught, but he planned education with statesmanlike comprehension, and may, without exaggeration, be called the greatest educationalist India has had. Scorning to compare the Free Church Institution and College with the Presidency College, he quickly, by sheer teaching power and force of character, raised it well above the government institution. He conceived the idea of a united Christian college for all the educational missions, and the Madras Christian College, first and greatest of its class, was the result. Doctor Miller possesses large private means which he has spent without ostentation as freely as his time and strength on the college and the mission. Consistently from the commencement of his career, Doctor Miller has admited that his calling as an educational missionary is inferior to the calling of evangelical missionaries. He has rendered great services to government, which have been worthily acknowledged; and public estimation has expressed itself in the form of the only statue erected to the honor of a missionary in India.'

The Rev. J. J. Lucas, from Allahabad, tells of the province of Agra and Oudh:

(1) In a population of over 47,000,000 Hindus and Mohammedans there are 119 ordained foreign missionaries; 158 ordained Indian ministers; 1,004 unordained preachers; 167 single women missionaries and 1,520 indian Christian women employed as teachers, Bible women, etc.

(2) In 15 of the 48 districts, containing a population of over 15,000,000 Hindus and Mohammedans, there are no foreign missionaries, and in 5 districts, with a population of 5,442,000, there are neither foreign missionaries, nor ordained Indian ministers, while in the two native states, included in the census of the province, there is no foreign missionary and only 1 Indian minister.

(3) In the whole province are 105,521 towns and villages, and from a study of the mission reports it is clear that in 50,000 of them the Gospel has not been preached for a year past, and in many thousands of villages it has never been preached.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

The first general conference of Greek evangelical workers ever held took place at the Bible House, Constantinople, June 7th to 14th. Invitations had been issued by the Greek Evangelical Church of Constantinople to all the Greek congregations in Turkey and Greece, and even to that in Lowell, Mass., to send representatives to this gathering. Circumstances kept the attendance low, but delegates were present from Marsovan, Ordoo, and Ala Cham, in Northern Asia Minor; Salonica and Drama, in Macedonia; Athens, Greece, and the island of Cyprus. Prominent among the delegates were the Rev. Dr. Kalopothakes, of Athens, the nestor of these modern Greeks, still hale and active despite his eighty-five strenuous years. This was purely a conference, yet it will doubtless result in action when its conclusions are taken up officially by the various churches. Some of the topics presented for discussion were: Methods of co-operation, Revision of the Greek Hymn Book, Compiling of an Evangelical Greek Catechism, Improvement of the Sunday-school, etc. After a full and frank statement of the varying conditions, certain things were settled as desirable. It was recommended that four local unions be organized, centering, respectively, at Ordoo, on the Black Sea, Constantinople, Smyrna, and Athens, and that these four unions be bound together in a single alliance or larger union, with perhaps triennial gatherings in some central place.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

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LESSON,—SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1907.

The Death of Samson.

Judges xvi., 21-31. Memory verses 28-30. Read Judges xiii-xvi.

Golden Text.

Be strong in the Lord and the power of his might.—Eph. vi., 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 25.—Judges xiii., 1-14.
Tuesday, November 26.—Judges xiii., 15—xiv., 4.
Wednesday, November 27.—Judges xiv., 5-20.
Thursday, November 28.—Judges xv., 1-20.
Friday, November 29.—Judges xvi., 1-20.
Saturday, November 30.—Judges xvi., 21-31.
Sunday, December 1.—Eph. vi., 1-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Have you ever tried to see how big your muscle is? But really there is no need to ask that question, for there isn't a boy who doesn't eagerly watch his muscles and work to make them firmer and stronger. Is it a good thing to be strong? Indeed it is, and we should all do what we can to make and keep ourselves strong. Does anyone remember the name of a very strong man who lived many, many years ago? Yes, there were both Hercules and Samson. (Talk awhile of the Greek hero, and then return to the Bible story). Our lesson for to-day is about Samson, a man whose name means 'sun like,' or 'sunny.' Probably his mother called him that because he was such a merry, bright little chap about the home, and perhaps, too, because God had given her this little boy in a very special way. Anyhow Samson grew up to be a man fond of fun, full of jokes, and some of his clever sayings are kept for us in the Bible. But more than anything else about him, we learn how very strong he was.

Tell in as graphic a way as possible, some of the incidents in Samson's life. Draw the lesson that God can make use of our strength if it is properly devoted to him, but if it is misused or if we break away from our service to God as Samson broke his vow, our great strength may lead us only to evil.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The force of to-day's lesson lies in its being the concluding chapter in the story of Samson's life. Separated as the stories are, it is not generally realized that Samson was a contemporary of Samuel, living much in the same region of Canaan. Material in the rough as Samson was, God could, and did use him for divine purposes so long as there remained in Samson the knowledge that he was bound to God by even so slender a cord as the outward performance of a vow. The crudity of Samson's faith is evident in his belief that his strength lay in his long hair rather than in the consecration of which that hair was a sign. But such a misapprehension is by no means unknown to-day. People still put their trust in the outward performance of duty while at any moment the misunderstanding heart may be snared by temptation. However, there is a real humanity about Samson that bears encouragement to anyone who feels it impossible to be a saint. The true consecration of the lower will lead to the acquisition of the higher powers. The fallen giant is a deeply pathetic picture. Blinded and imprisoned, put to the most menial of work, brought out at last to afford in his misery a laughing stock to his captors, is there any wonder that the exercise of such an effective faith as his at such a moment has entitled it to remembrance?

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

We can not pretend to say that Samson and Jephthah, hardly that Gideon or Barak, are characters which we should have selected as devout men, as servants, of God. We should, at least if we had met with them in another history, have regarded them as wild free-booters, as stern chieftains, at best as high-minded patriots. They are bursting with passion, they are stained by revenge, they are alternately lax and superstitious. Their virtues are of the rough kind, which make them subjects of personal or poetic interest rather than of sober edification; their words are remarkable not so much for devotion or wisdom, as for a burning enthusiasm, like the song of Deborah; for a chivalrous frankness, as in the acts of Phinees and of Jephthah; for a ready presence of mind, as in the movements of Gideon; for a primitive and racy humor, as in the repartees of Samson. Yet these characters are without hesitation ranked amongst the lights of the Chosen People; are fearlessly enrolled among God's Heroes; the men in whom we should be inclined to recognize only the strong arm which defends us, and the rough wit which amuses us,—are described as 'raised up by God.' In a lower degree, doubtless, and mingled with many infirmities, the wild chiefs of this stormy epoch, with their Phoenician titles, their Bedouin lives, and their 'muscular' religion, partook of the same spirit which inspired Moses and Joshua before them, and David and Isaiah after them. The imperfection of their characters, the disorder of their times, set forth the more clearly the one redeeming element of trust in God that lurked in each of them, and, through them, kept alive the national existence. 'By faith,' as the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews is not afraid to say, they, too, in their unconscious energy 'subdued kingdoms . . . obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions . . . escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.'—Stanley, in 'History of Jewish Church.'

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives for mankind.—Phillips Brooks.

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.
—Cowper.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'To appreciate the faith of Samson it is necessary to understand the temptations and difficulties in face of which he performed his task. . . . If Samson had cared only for the satisfaction of his coarse and selfish impulses, the road to an infamous fame would have been wide open. But read his story. You will see that he always fought on one side,—the unpopular, the dangerous, the apparently hopeless side. His conduct is the more remarkable when we remember that his own people wanted no war. They dreaded the disturbance of their grovelling peace; he made enemies of his brethren by his persistent and terrible raids upon their enemies; they opposed and feared him almost as much as the Philistines; they even attempted to deliver him up as a peace-offering to the vengeance of their oppressors. He was between two fires all his life,—a lonely champion with relentless foes on the one hand, and, on the other, the cowardly fears of friends. And if he seemed to fight from pure love of fighting, or for the sweetness of revenge, we do him injustice if we do not look beneath the seeming, and see that, in spite of all his waywardness and his easy yielding tempttaions of the flesh, he always felt the awful obligation of his vow impelling him to the one terrible work to which the Lord had called him.'—The Rev. Ira S. Dodd.

'Instead of stumbling at the lives of these old heroes, we ought to bless God who has given us examples not above the level of the lowest, showing us that there is a place for even rudest gifts in his service.'—The Rev. Ira S. Dodd.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

I. Cor. xvi., 13; Eph. vi., 10, 13; Jer. ix., 23, 24; II. Sam. xxii., 23; Psa. lxxxiv., 5; II. Cor. xii., 10; Phil. iv., 13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, December 1.—Topic—The beauty and utility of gratitude. Ps. cxi., 1-10. (A Thanksgiving consecration meeting).

C. E. Topic.

PRAISE MEETING.

Monday, November 25.—Habakkuk's message. Hab. ii., 1-4.

Tuesday, November 26.—Habakkuk's prayer. Hab. ii., 1, 2.

Wednesday, November 27.—Zephaniah's message. Zeph. i., 14.

Thursday, November 28.—Zephaniah's exhortation. Zeph. ii., 3.

Friday, November 29.—Zechariah's song of praise. Zech. ii., 10-13.

Saturday, November 30.—A psalm of praise. Ps. cl.

Sunday, December 1.—How two prophets praised God. Hab. iii., 17-19; Zeph. iii., 14-17. (Consecration meeting).

The Reward.

The best thing any Sunday School can do for itself is to work for missions. History and experience prove that the surest way to make the work at home prosper is to be actually engaged in spreading the gospel abroad. Pastor Harms urged upon his people the duty of carrying the gospel into Africa. Though neither great in numbers nor rich in money, they built a mission ship, and, in 1854, sent a band of missionaries to Zululand. During the seventeen years following, Pastor Harms's parish at Hermannsburgh in Hanover was visited by a continuous revival, in which ten thousand souls were converted.—Selected.

Be Faithful.

Some teacher, officer, or older scholar, questioning what life-work to choose, may be unconsciously waiting to hear the call of God to such service; the tender heart of some little child may be open to receive the divine impulse that by and by will send it forth a herald of the cross. Therefore be faithful in presenting the claims of the mission field, and 'pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest' from your school. It is a great privilege to have a representative on the mission field. The best thing any member of your school could do for that school would be to go and let those who stay contribute to his support.—Selected.

Filling up the Clusters.

Miss Lizzie Smith says ('S. S. Times'), that one use she makes of the blackboard is to mark attendance. Instead of using a class-book every Sunday, in one corner of the board I have the picture of a grape-vine, in which the children are very much interested. I draw the vine without any fruit upon it—no clusters of grapes, but naked cluster stems; and above each of these naked stems I put a child's name, and then, each Sunday, as they come, I place one grape upon it. Of course, the one who attends most regularly has the largest cluster at the end of the quarter; when the old vine is erased, and a new one pictured.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Our World.

The weary world's a cheery place
  For those with hearts to win it.
Thank God, there's not a human face
  But has some laughter in it!
The soul that comes with honest mi.
  Though health and fortune vary,
Brings back the childhood of the eart ,
  And keeps it sound and merry.

The plodding world's an eager place
  For those with wit to use it.
Where all are bidden to the race,
  Let him who dares refuse it!
The simplest task the hand can try,
  The dullest round of duty,
Knowledge can amply glority,
  And art can crown with beauty.

A busy, bonny, kindly place
  Is this rough world of ours,
For those who love and work apace,
  And fill their hands with flowers.
To kind and just and grateful hearts
  The present grace is given
To find a heaven in themselves,
  And find themselves in heaven.

—'League Journal.'

The Frolics of Trotty.

(Helen Butler Smith, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

I first saw him one winter morning frollicking about a neighboring yard. He was dirty and sore-eyed, evidently a stray, but so filled with the joy of living that it was a pleasure to watch him. A bitter wind was blowing which sent the dead leaves flying, and he was in hot pursuit, his little thin body bounding from side to side, and his funny three-quarters tail fluffed out like a lamp-chimney brush. He might be homeless and cold and hungry, but if his stomach was light, so was his heart.

Somehow, the brave little thing appealed to me, and, when coming from town in the late afternoon, I found he had strayed to the foot of the long hill, I picked him up and brought him home.

He protested, loudly, all the way, but when released, made a quick tour of the room, and, apparently, finding it satisfactory, seated himself before the fire with the affable air of a long-expected and welcome guest, from which attitude of mind he never varied.

The next morning he began work early. He did not wake slowly, stretching and blinking as most cats do, but the instant his eyes were open he was on his feet, ready for business, with the air of saying, 'This is my busy day.'

He at once laid out an imaginary racecourse through the rooms, which were so arranged that he could make a circuit. Round and round he flew, now leaping on a table to snatch the cover from a magazine, and now, with a quick bound, nipping a mouthful of leaves from the plants.

I was away through the day, but when I returned at night my mother met me, almost in tears.

'You will have to dispose of that cat,' she said: 'he hasn't been still all day, and I cannot stand it.'

So Bobby Shafto, as we named him, was given to a neighbor's little girl, with the injunction that if her mother 'could not stand it,' he was on no account to be turned out, but must be brought back.

In a couple of days he arrived, having proved too strenuous for the peace of that family. But the child knew a little boy who wanted him and would be very knd to him, so forth he fared, with the same injunction. In less than a week he was back again; and this time he gained a residence.

A generous diet, with repeated applications of soap and water and eye lotion, fought with tooth and nail, soon put him in fine condition, physically, and as for his spirits they never flagged. It was found safer to furnish him with playthings than for him to select his own, so a mouse was made of a bit of seal-skin, with a long tail and bead eyes, which was the delight of his heart, though a draggled mouse laid up on a chair cushion sometimes tried the nerves of callers. He had a way of hiding it under the edge of rugs, and going off to play with something else, apparently forgetting it, and presently rushing back to poke it out and go wild over it. But its favorite playthings were the fluffy tassels on some window draperies. He would sit and watch them away, until there would be a sudden leap, and the cry would go up, 'Bobby's got another tassel!' This cry went up so often that finally scissors completed the work of destruction.

Bobby Shafto had an investigating turn of mind, and not an open drawer or box escaped his inspection, and in the stable his inquisitive paw was screwed into every knothole and crevice. His predecessor, a handsome yellow and white cat, Sir Philip Sidney by name, was an aristocrat who hid his emotions under an indifferent calm. If there was an excitement in the street and we stepped quickly to the windows, he would quit his cushion, leisurely stroll to a window and look out, indifferently, as if he wondered what the weather was going to be. Not so Bobby! At the first sign of anything doing, he rushed to a window, turning his head this way and that to miss nothing. This trait earned him the name of 'Investigation,' for a time, but it was too long and cumbersome for such a flyaway, and when the ceaseless trotting of the little white feet finally suggested the name of 'Trotty,' every body recognized its fitness.

He was a hard-working little body, one of his self-elected duties being the care of the stable. He attended to marauding mice and inspected the harness closet; he trotted up stairs to see the grain measured out and poured down the chute, then down stairs to watch the stall cared for and the horse groomed.

But when Don was put in the shafts, his duties ceased and his pleasures began. Trotty mounted gravely to the seat, ready for his daily ride to the corner, a few rods distant, where he would be put out, and come racing back as if afraid something might have gone wrong in his absence. Toward noon and night he usually took up his position on the end of the hoisting beam over the stable door, from which coign of vantage he had an extended view, and the first sight of the team sent him hurrying to the ground to meet it and ride in. No child loved better to ride, and we had to keep an eye on delivery waggons coming to the house lest Trotty be carried off as a stowaway. Once we were just in time to save my brother from making a street spectacle of himself by driving down town with Trotty perched on the carriage top.

Beside his stable duties, he gave personal supervision to mowing the lawn, trotting back and forth beside the lawn mower, with an occasional circuit to get the general effect. He had various indoor activities, the most enjoyed being bed-making, with its unlimited opportunities for hide and seek, and the many flying corners to be clutched and clung to. Taken all in all, his work would have made serious inroads upon his playtime, if he had not possessed the happy faculty of combining business with pleasure!

Trotty was fond of us all, but he had his favorites, chief of whom was my mother. She held long, one-sided conversations with him, and he was never too busy or too playful to share her afternoon nap. He liked most to lie on her breast, his little bright eyes fixed on her face, until they closed slowly and his sleepy purr trailed off in a low rumble. She was very considerate, not only of his comfort, but of his feelings, and once, when I was telling a caller of some of his pranks, and he left the room during the recital, she said, with some severity, 'I wish you would never mention that before him again!'

Perhaps the horse came next in his regard. He would sit in the manger and rub his head up and down on Don's face, not in the least offended by an occasional impatient thrust of his nose. There was also a patriarchal family cat called Clover, to whom Trotty constituted himself bodyguard, flying to the rescue if danger threatened from boy or dog.

Trotty was not specially invited to family devotions, but he often attended and 'took part.' He would sit beside my mother, soberly watching the motion of her lips, then, with a quick leap, clap his paw on them; or a small, furry avalanche would descend upon the back of a kneeling worshipper, and some briar-like claws fasten in her hair. But when any attempt was made to punish him for these misdeeds, he would break into a happy purr which plainly said, 'I didn't mean to be bad, I was only in fun,' and all would be forgiven.

He was such a friendly little cat! He met the world with outstretched paw, and the world responded in kind. Everybody had a pleasant word or a caress for him, and everything served his pleasure. A whip shaken in his face, a swaying vine, a loosened shoestring—he responded instantly to all.

So he frisked through three happy years; but in the fourth we began to say to each other, 'Trotty doesn't play as much as he used to.' We noticed that he took longer naps and neglected his work; and by and by a labored breathing became apparent. Everything was tried for his relief, but he grew more and more quiet, and one morning we found him on his bed quite still.

Other cats have come and gone since then, and we have had heavier sorrows to bear, but looking back we feel that something very pleasant went out of our lives in the passing of Trotty.

The King's Ferry Boat.

'And there went over a ferry boat to carry over the King's household, and to do what he thought good.'—II. Sam. xix., 18.

Now, there was once some people living in a beautiful country named Chronogee. Splendid cities, noble forests, pleasant fields and flower-filled gardens made of that country a very delightsome land. Little children were playing in the parks, and birds singing in the trees, and every place seemed full of happy, busy life.

And yet in this beautiful place there was one thing that often made the people sorrowful and sad. For all along one side of this pleasant country there was a river so deep that no one had ever been able to fathom it, and so black that no one could see far down its dark waters as they swept on beside the shore.

But the strangest thing about this river was, that when the people stood upon the banks, they could never see to the other side. They tried with telescopes and electric lights and all sorts of things, but they could never get anything strong enough to pierce the cloud that hid what was there.

Some said they were very foolish people to keep on wasting their time in looking for what they could never see. Why did they not leave off? No doubt they would have done so, but for one strange thing. It was this. Every now and then a black boat, with gold letters upon its prow, would come out of the cloud and come across the river to the side where these people lived; and when it got near the shore, they could read these words: 'The King's Ferry Boat.'

But there was something more, for when the boat came to land, and was fastened to the bank, some of the rowers would get out and go and knock at one of the doors in the city streets and say: 'It is time! It is time!' And then in a little while they would be seen returning to their boat, taking one of those people with them—sometimes a little child, sometimes an aged man, sometimes one that looked strong and well, sometimes one stricken with disease.

And so the people knew that when the King's ferry boat came out of the cloud on the river some one of them would have to go away.

They would follow their friend down to the bank of the river and say farewell, often

with bitter tears; and then the boat would go over to that other side, which they could never see, carrying away some one whom they loved.

Well, you may suppose that made them very sad; for they never knew what happened to their friends when they reached the other side.

Now, the King heard about all this, and when he found how sorrowful they were, he was sorry for them too, and so one day he said to his Son, 'Will you go and tell these poor people that all of those who come over in the King's ferry boat come to me, and that although they cannot see through the cloud, they may be quite sure that all is well, and that they need not be afraid?'

So the King's Son came, and when he heard the people say, in frightened tones, 'Oh, here is the King's ferry boat again, and some of us will have to go away,' he said.

'Do not be afraid, they are only going to the King. In my Father's house are many mansions; your friends will all be quite safe with him.'

Then the people were very glad and they said, 'Oh, Prince, is that really so?'

And the King's Son said, 'Yes, if it were not so, I would have told you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

And then the people said, 'We will not let the boat be black any longer; we will paint it in a shining white, and we will make it beautiful with flowers, for we shall not be sorry any more.'

Then they thanked the Prince, and blessed him, because they said, 'He hath brought life and immortality to light by his Gospel.'

So the King's ferry boat still comes and goes across the river, but it is not black now as it used to be. Its colors now are white and gold, and travellers who depart carry flowers with them, and they say to those they leave behind: 'Farewell until we all meet together in the palace of our King.'

Well, children, I think most of you will understand the story. The King's ferry boat sometimes comes and fetches little ones whom we know and love, but it is a white boat adorned with gold and flowers. Our little friends go away from us across the river, whose other side we cannot see; but Jesus, the King's beloved Son, has told us not to be afraid. He has gone to prepare a glorious place for all who love and serve him on this side of the dark water. They are safe indeed yonder—no more tears, no more pain. Behind the veiling cloud there is the Father's beautiful home, and better still, the Father's loving self, waiting to receive all who love and trust him. And of these children the dear Saviour said: 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'—The Rev. J. Critchley, in 'Children's Friend.'

Winter Bird Feeding.

(Emma Duff Gray, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Now is the time to prepare for the winter feeding of birds. A friend of mine was much disappointed last winter because not one bird, as far as she could learn, had come to feast on the tidbit she had so generously put at the back end of her yard. My friend thought all she had to do was to put the delicacy in place, and when the snow prevented the birds from finding food elsewhere they would see what she had provided and come to her yard in large numbers and pleasing variety. Suppose those who wish to attract birds to their houses during this winter would begin now before even the lightest snow covering appears.

Scatter bird seed, bread crumbs or cracked corn about your yard at once. Some bird's sharp eyes will see it and will try your yard again, hoping to find another breakfast. And thus almost before you know it the glad news that breakfast is in your yard every day will travel to other kinds of birds, and when the first snow or ice storm arrives hungry birds will know where to find your layout, and their gentle twitter and merry roundelay will say in many notes, 'We thank you.'

Of course people who live in cities have not the ability to care for birds as do their out-of-town friends, but everybody can do something. And everybody should, because notwithstanding all the efforts to insure the birds being fed during the heavy winter storms, hundreds of birds will die.

Perhaps if it is not possible to save bird life yourself, you can advise some other person to act for you. Surely you would not allow any bird friend to die because of neglect on your part. Think what a fix you would be in if you lived where your meat, milk and other foods were frozen up so that you could not get them. Think how glad you would be if a kind friend would make it possible for you to get these necessary supplies.

Enthusiastic bird lovers will interest all the people that they can in not only providing food but water for the birds' welfare. But how about the half-hearted bird lovers? What can you do to enlist their co-operation?

A special effort should be made, for no matter how deep the snow or fierce the wind, the birds should not die from lack of food or water.

Among the plans already suggested is to make a shelf of light boards and fasten such outside of your south window. This may be swept clean even in a heavy snow fall, or it may be protected with an awning. Such a luncheon counter may be further helped by fastening a little tree to it, and to this tree tie on pieces of suet; trees near you may be utilized in the same way.

Urge your friends, whether they are especially interested or not, to form a club for the winter protection of birds. Give each person some work to do, and the half-hearted ones will become interested. The club to them may have started only in the spirit of new pleasure, but it will end in positive benefaction. Remember to do your whole duty, and therefore you must lend a hand, for the care of the wild birds to the rare visitors at your hall door, as well as to those to whom you bow every day.

Perhaps some of the boys would provide shelter for the nuthatches, flickers, jays, etc., because birds need shelter quite as much as they need food. Stacked brush of any sort would make good shelter, provided the birds can get in and out of it without too much difficulty. One such I learned about was made of hop poles with the vines still attached; another was made of lima bean poles, thickly covered with the old vines. Other boys could act as wardens and take food to these shelters twice or thrice a week.

Think over such a scheme and many satisfactory ideas will suggest themselves, or talk about it to those who already have full experience; rural mail carriers might help you as wardens.

Another thought; beware of the cat. Fasten all food out of the reach of cats and dogs.

About Revenge.

'Where is mother? I want her,' said an impatient young voice at the study door.

The minister turned around from his writing, and saw a red-faced, tousled boy standing there with his hand still on the door-knob.

'Your mother has gone to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Clark. What did you want with her, my son?'

Casting a second glance at the lad, and noting his ruffled aspect, Mr. Graham continued:—

'You seem to be in trouble, young man. Surely not fighting, I trust. Come in, and let me fill mother's place for once.'

He beckoned the boy to a low couch near the fire, and wheeled his chair around to face it.

Harry walked over slowly, and seated himself; then, in response to his father's encouraging, 'Now,' burst out vehemently:—

'It's that hateful Dan Simmons. He played a dirty, low trick on me this afternoon just because I took away a frog that he was tormenting at noon recess, and flung it over the wall into the brook. I knew he was mad, but he didn't say anything then, so I never had any suspicion of what he was going to do. You see, Miss Hallowell is dreadful nervous, an' 'steriky, so she can't bear to look at frogs, or bugs, or mice, or—anything. Well, when she called me up to the board to explain a diagram in physical geography, what should jump into her lap but a big, green frog! He landed plump on her hands. Gracious! Didn't she screech! Then she went off into a fit of some kind, and the principal and other teachers had to come and look after her. Pretty fine rumpus, I can tell you.'

Harry paused a moment for breath.

'I fail to see where your trouble could be, so far,' remarked the father.

The boy's eyes flashed as he resumed his story.

'Why, 'twas this way. When Mr. Dexter began to investigate, more than a dozen scholars declared that the frog jumped out of my coat pocket. They were boys and girls whose word was good. It didn't do a mite of good for me to declare that I did not know a thing about it, not at all, for Dan got up and said that I took a frog away from him before school that looked just like that one. That settled it, and to-morrow my punishment will be measured out, according to the amount of injury to Miss Hallowell's nerves.'

'Then,' more slowly, 'after school Simmons began to jeer and hoot at me, and I told him what I thought of him. He flew at me, and I had—really had'—deprecatingly—'to defend myself. I fancy that he is satisfied that I can, for the last I saw of him he was sitting in a mud-puddle, spitting out the sand that he scooped up when he fell,' chuckled Harry.

Mr. Graham's moustache twitched in a queer way, but he only said:—

'It would be a good idea to call at Miss Hallowell's home presently, apologize for the fright you unintentionally caused, and explain matters as you have to me. If your record before has been clean, I do not think they will deal hardly with you.'

'I'll pay him back for it, though,' muttered Harry, wrathfully. An angry light glittered in his eyes, and he clenched his brown fists. 'If he thinks he can walk over me in this way, he'll find out his mistake very soon, for I'll be even with him before long.'

'Softly, my boy,' cautioned the minister. 'Take time to think. What do you propose to do for the sake of revenge?'

'Oh, I'll plan some way before morning,' said Harry.

'Are you going to emulate him, and play a low trick on him to make it "even"?' queried his father. 'Because by so doing you will have to lower yourself to the level of his standard of conduct. Just hand me that old leather-bound book on my table, and read what it says just there.'

Harry read aloud: 'Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior, for it is a prince's part to pardon. That is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keepeth his own wound green, which otherwise would heal and do well.'

'Humph! According to that, I should pardon Simmons for what he did to me.'

'And that would be too hard, eh, Harry?' asked Mr. Graham.

'The fellows will think I'm a "softy" if I pass it over,' was the dubious answer. 'But I'll try it, and see how Bacon's ideas work applied to grammar school rows.'

'A dignified silence may frighten and puzzle him more than any other thing,' commented the minister.

'And the memory of that mouthful of dirt, too,' laughed Harry.

'There's a better book and a better rule for such cases. Can't you "heap coals of fire on his head"?' came a gentle suggestion as Harry was leaving the room.

Harry shook his head doubtfully.

'Most too rough on a fellow, that would be.' Then, hesitating, as he caught the wistful look in his father's face. 'Besides, there's nothing of the kind to do—unless I get him the place on our ball team that he wants so bad. But we want only decent fellows on it.'

'Perhaps that would make him over into one,' his father said.

The next noon Harry reported: 'I told Dan last night I'd fix it all right about the ball team. Never said a word about the frog; but

when I got to school, he'd told Dexter about it. You were right, after all, father.'—'Zion's Herald.'

Can I Say This?

For me he left his home on high;
For me to earth he came to die;
For me he in a manger lay;
For me to Egypt fled away;
For me he dwelt with fishermen;
For me he slept in cave and glen;
For me abuse he meekly bore;
For me a crown of thorns he wore;
For me he braved Gethsemane;
For me he hung upon a tree;
For me his precious blood was shed;
For me he slept among the dead;
For me he rose with might at last;
For me above the skies he passed;
For me he came at God's command;
For me he sits at his right hand;
For me he now prepares a home;
For me he shall in glory come.
—Author Unknown.

True pleasure consists in clear thoughts, sedate affections, sweet reflections; a mind even and stayed, true to its God, and true to itself.—Hopkins.

Straightening the Furrow at Once.

It is never too early to mend. A wrong done should be righted at the earliest possible moment. A farmer was telling of his quarrel with a neighbor. 'As soon as my anger cooled,' he said, 'I remembered that when my furrow got crooked through inattention or accident, it was best to straighten it without delay; and so I decided to go and apologize for what I had said, and "make friends."' When we have made a mistake, let us admit it at once and do all we can to make amends. Delay in this is likely to multiply difficulties.—'Sunday School Times.'

Do not run after happiness, but seek to do good, and you will find happiness will run after you.

Highland Bran.

How the dogs of Great St. Bernard save the perishing from cold,
When the snow lies in the mountain-pass, all Europe has been told:
But we know of one good island dog as generous as they;
And for Highland Bran the noble let us weave a wreath to-day.

But a shepherd's dog was Highland Bran, and as rough as dog could be;
Yet how he played with the shepherd's child was a sight to go and see:
How they tumbled on the heather, how they raced across the moor;
Or together ate their barley-bread upon the shepherd's floor.

Not that Highland Bran the tasteless bread of idleness might eat;
He must labor for his daily food, and labor made it sweet;
He must fold the sheep at night-fall; he must scour the mountain's side;
He must bring the lambs home gently, when they wandered far and wide.

Now to-night the sheep are folded; and across the level moor;
Where the blue smoke waves a welcome, Bran is trotting on before;
Soon the shepherd's child will bound across the heather full of glee;
Glad is honest Bran at night-fall, and the father dear to see.

'Twas his manner all the summer! 'twas his manner until now!
But the mists hang heavily to-night about the mountain's brow;
And it may be that the mother's care these autumn fogs would shun;
And hath shut betime the cottage-door upon her little one.

Thus the honest shepherd muses as he lifts his lowly latch;
And with faithful Bran he stands at last below the heather thatch.
'Ye have surely brought my bonnie bairn,' the good wife cries amain;
'For an hour ago to meet ye both he ran across the plain.'
Up, thou tired father, Up! for search must be to-night!
Up, faithful Bran! run far and near! there's yet an hour of light!

Forth, thou trembling Highland mother! for the night is falling fast;
And the mist his clammy arms around thy helpless child hath cast.

All the night they wandered vainly, shouting out aloud his name:
All the night they wandered vainly, till the morning twilight came.
Why, at early dawn, O mother, why that look of thine so wild?
Oh! she sees beside the torrent's brink the garment of her child!

Now, pale mother, hie thee home again and sit alone and weep;
For thou knowest now thy child hath fallen down the rocky steep!
Down the rocky steep hath fallen, with the rushing waters there,
Far away removed for ever from a tender mother's care.

Vain the search along the margin of the smoother stream below;
Honest Bran in vain with wistful gaze runs slowly to and fro;
And the shepherd's cot is desolate, that blue-eyed boy away;
God help thee, Highland mother! thou hast need of prayer to-day.
But their faithful Bran is hungry; let him have his barley-bread;
With a glistening eye he catches it; then they see him force his head

Through the open door, and across the moor among the heather wild,
And again the same to-morrow:—he is thinking of the child.

Then a sudden flash of light! a sudden impulse from the skies!
And across the moor with trembling steps the panting father flies;
Bran is running in the distance, holding still the barley-bread;
Bran is signing him to follow, turning oft his shaggy head.

Down a track beside that waterfall so difficult and steep,—
They had passed it unobserved,—Highland Bran begins to creep.
But no human step can follow, and no human lip can say
Where the dog below that craggy ledge has wound his careful way.

Hurry home, thou anxious father! bind the rope around thy breast!
Let them lower thee down that rocky steep upon thy doubtful quest.
Now thou danglest from the giddy height!—
But oh! the burst of joy!
Bran is watching how his barley-bread delights thy hungry boy.

Such a meeting in that humble cot had never been before;
Never Bran had fed so largely from the Highland mother's store;
For his share to feed her starving child he had borne off day by day;
Let him ask for all her own to-night!—she will not say him 'Nay.'

And the God who lighted up that spark of nobleness in Bran,—
Call it instinct—call it reason—kindles nobler life in man.
And a shame it were if we should let this honest dog outshine
This, our human life, which Jesus lived and died to make Divine.
—'Home Book for Children.'

Temperance Crusade Hymn.

(Tune—'Onward! Christian Soldiers.')

I.

'Onward! Christian Soldiers,'
This our Temperance song.
Marching, sure and steadfast,
With a purpose strong.
Gospel Temperance Army,
We must fight and win,
Christ the Lord must conquer
Over every sin.

Chorus.

Gospel Temperance Army,
Hope and watch and pray!
You will be the victors
On that crowning day.

II.

Loyal to the Leader,
Do not fear the foe—
Christ is with us ever;
He will overthrow.
Each true Christian soldier
In the end will be
Sharing Christ's own victory
Over tyranny!

Chorus.

III.

For our homes, our dear ones,
For this land we love,
For the truth, for freedom,
For the God above,
Come and join our army—
Help with heart and hand—
God will give you courage
If you firmly stand.

Chorus.

IV.

In His strength uniting,
Right shall win the day;
All the hosts of darkness
Must be swept away!
Though we often falter,
Though our faith is small,
Onward, ever onward—
God is over all!

Chorus.

—'Christopher King,' in 'Temperance Leader.

Dean Farrar's Six Reasons for Signing.

My reasons for taking the Temperance pledge were partly general and partly special, says Dean Farrar.

'1. I became convinced that the use of alcohol in any form was not a necessity. I saw that whole nations have lived and flourished without it, I believed that the whole race of man had existed for centuries previous to its discovery.

'2. I was struck by the indisputable fact that in England fifty thousand inhabitants of our prisons, accustomed to strong drink all their lives, and the majority of them brought into prison directly or indirectly by it, could be, and were, from the moment of their imprisonment, absolutely deprived of it, not only without loss, but with entire gain to their personal health.

'3. I derived from the recorded testimony of our most eminent physicians that the use of alcohol is a subtle and manifold source of disease even to thousands who use it in quantities conveniently deemed moderate; also that all the young, and all the healthy, and all who eat well and sleep well do not require it, and are better without it.

'4. Then, the carefully drawn statistics of many insurance societies convinced me that total abstinence, so far from shortening life, distinctly and undisputably conduced to longevity.

'5. Then I accumulated proof that drink is so far from being requisite to physical strength or intellectual force that many of our greatest athletes, from the days of Samson onward, "whose drink was only the crystal brook," have achieved without alcohol mightier feats than have ever been achieved with it.

'6. And besides all this, I knew that the life of man always gains by abolishing needless expenses and avoiding artificial wants. Benjamin Franklin said, a hundred years ago: "Temperance puts wood on the fire, meat in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, clothes on the bairns, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the constitution.'

Freedom or Slavery.

A man said: 'I won't sign the pledge because I won't sign away my liberty.' 'What liberty?' 'Liberty to do as I please.' Is that liberty? Any man that does as he pleases, independent of physical, moral and divine law, is a mean, miserable slave. There is not so pitiful a slave that crawls the face of this earth as the man that is the slave of evil habits and evil passions. What is it to be free? To be capable of self-government is to be free. To abandon every habit that you consider to be wrong, is to be free. To fight against that which holds you in bondage, is to be free. A man that overcomes an evil habit is a hero.

I knew a man who said he would give up the use of tobacco. He took his plug of tobacco out of his pocket and threw it away, and said: 'That is the end of the job.' But it was only the beginning. He found the very tip of his tongue clamored for it. He said: 'I will go and get another. I will buy another plug, and when I want it awfully, then I will take a little.' And he did want it awfully, and took his knife and his piece of tobacco, and then he thought it was God's spirit striving with him. He held the tobacco in his hand and said: 'I love you and I want you. Are you my master, or am I yours? That is a question I am going to settle. You are a weed, and I am a man. You are a thing, and I am a man. I will master you if I die for it. It never shall be said of me again: "There is a man mastered by a thing." I want you, but I will just take care of you. I will fight you right through.' He said it was six months before he could get over the desire for that tobacco; but he fought it right through.

That man was a hero. A hero has to battle against an enemy. Cocks can fight and dogs can fight; but for a man to battle against wicked passion, in the sacred name of duty, himself, to conquer every evil desire, that is to be brave.

A Temperance Hymn.

(The Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne, in the 'Church Monthly.')

There are sounds of saddest weeping,
There are cries of wild despair,
While the selfish world is sleeping,
And men know not why, nor care,
From pale children with scared faces
And white mothers worn and wan,
Out of strange and fearful places
Whence the light of hope has gone.

In the name of mirth and pleasure
Fiends are passing to and fro,
Making men fill up the measure
Of iniquity and woe;
Being once as God created
Take the semblance of the beast,
And, with cruel revel sated,
Lose the everlasting feast.

Shall we shut our ears from hearkening?
Shall we turn to things that please,
While the evil days are darkening
Over sorrows such as these?
Are we not our brothers' keepers?
Are we sure of our own end?
Shall we sleep among the sleepers?
Or Christ's little ones offend?

Nay, we hear the tender Father,
And the Voice of Christ in pain,
In those moanings, and we gather
Round the lifted Cross again;
And we ask Him for a Mission
To the sore and sick of heart;
And we seek the blessed Vision
That shall fit us for our part.

Perfect us, O calm strong Saviour,
In the grace of self-control,
Lest our weak or wild behaviour
Trouble any tempted soul.
Find the lost whom thou art saving,
Help us help them, Lord, for Thee;
By Thy Blood the whole world laving,
End the sin and misery.

'I'm Coming After.'

The Rev. Charles Garret, when climbing a steep and rather dangerous mountain path heard a voice behind him, and found that his little boy had followed him, and was calling out, 'Take care where you go, father, for I'm coming after.' We cannot be too careful as to the example we set our children.

The Safe Bridge.

That staunch old Scotchman, Dr. Arnot, gives a good illustration on the total abstinence question. You will find the world full of men who will tell you that they 'are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side.' 'They know when they have had enough—no danger of their ever becoming drunkards,' and the like.

The Doctor says: 'True, you are not obliged. But here is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid; whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow foot-bridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may skip over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide; its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger here. Now, my friend, you say, "I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber." True, true, you are not obliged; but, as for us, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go safely, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish. And we feel it is better to go by the bridge!'

Walking a foot-bridge over a raging torrent is risky business, but it is safety itself compared with tampering with strong drink. The surer the man himself is of his own safety, the less other people are assured of it. When a man is just about falling into the abyss he is sure he is the only sober man around.

Daniel's Band.

In the Book of Daniel we read that when the young Hebrew was offered wine to drink he voted 'No.' He persuaded three of his friends to vote 'No.' Let us all join Daniel's Band.

Daniel said 'No,'
And we will do so.
Daniel won three,
And so will we!

—'Temperance Leader.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE

I SOLEMNLY PROMISE, by the Grace of God, that I will not use any kind of Intoxicating Drink as a Beverage, nor use Tobacco in any form, nor indulge in Swearing. I further Promise that I will do all I can to induce my companions to keep this Pledge.

Signed,.....

Date,.....

Has Every One Signed?

How many of the readers of the 'Messenger' have signed a total abstinence pledge? Quite recently the editor was asked, 'Do you know that in some of our churches it is years since there was a definite effort made to get the children pledged to total abstinence? In some cases one set after another has gone through the Sunday schools without ever having been asked to do so.' That is a serious statement to face, and if it is a fact that boys and girls are going out into life without this safeguard something must be done, and done at once.

It may be that parents themselves abstainers, having never allowed the use of any intoxicating drink in their homes, have thought the home example sufficient. It may be that teachers have been leaving the matter in the hands of the parents. In this age it can hardly be that any one responsible for the bodies and souls of little children can wilfully leave undone anything that may save them from wreck.

How much of the terrible battle now being waged by educationalists against the cigarette evil, and all the woes that follow it, would have been saved by early signing of the triple pledge and the knowledge of the boy that companions, teachers and parents all know the fact that it has been signed. 'How much easier to say 'Oh, no! I never do.' 'No, I don't go back on my word. I'm not that sort.' How much less slippy a place to stand than, 'Oh, I don't know, father doesn't, but —' 'No, I've never promised. But without a pledge, the only safeguard, is the shame that is no safeguard, but leads to doing the thing in holes and corners, where no one will see or know until some day mother finds a cigarette, and begins to understand the reason for all the gradual slipping of her hold over the boy, the gradual loss of condition in body and mind, and soul. There is no boy but that in his heart is ashamed of being weak in body or mind, and none that would not be glad to be helped to keep in training. So pledge them, and make it always possible for them to refuse as naturally as they refuse when the captain of their team has warned them they must keep in training for a school match.

But the girls, of course, they would never need a pledge. Nay! Mothers, how often has the laughing jest of a girl turned the scales and started the brightest of the lads downward. For the girls, personally, the evil shows less on the surface; but, oh, the dangers, the unspeakable dangers there are in the path of the young girl growing up, to think lightly of the danger of drinking even the one glass that a sneer or a laugh may tempt her to unless she can say brightly and firmly, 'Oh, no! I never do. I've never even tasted it.' Thank God, there is not now the terrible pressure of social opinion on our young people. Now they may refuse and be not only not conspicuous, but may feel they are doing what the best men and women in every class of life are doing.

Now, as to practical work, every church and Sunday school, if it has not a live 'Band of Hope,' or 'White Ribbon Army,' should have at least a permanent Honor Roll. A Pledge Card, on which, as children grow old enough to write their names, they may be invited and urged to place them. They should place their names on record either on such a large framed card or in a large, well bound book, which is kept for record in the church. They should also be given their own small pledge card to sign and keep themselves.

If no provision has been made, the form given on this page may be cut out and pasted at the head of a sheet of white paper to allow of a whole class signing at once, while the temperance lesson is fresh in their minds.

We would be glad to receive and print letters from teachers, superintendents and parents, telling us of their celebration of this World's Temperance Sunday, and of the numbers of those signing the pledge.

Her Boy.

Her boy. He had been hers in his youth. They said he was like her, and he loved her then. She had often sat for hours by his cradle and read out of that beautiful face his future—and hers, for what was here belonged to him, and what he had or made was hers. They were one heart. She had sacrificed her youth to give her boy a chance, and her joy had been the tears she shed on his pillow while he slept. He didn't know, and if he did, he forgot. Most boys do. She had built air castles for him—sleeping and waking—not of fancy, though her fancy retouched them. She knew his genius, and she knew as well the taint in his blood. She counted him up without it, and it was motherlike to forget it. She loved him as she loved no one else, and a mother's love is not stern. If she made a mistake she didn't know it then. But in the wreck of the years she remembered, and it smote her.

To-day her boy is lost in a sodden, uncouth man of thirty. You would scarcely know in him the blue-eyed, dimpled child whose portrait hangs over the sofa where he lies in torpid slumber. The light is gone from his eye, his face is pale, and in it is the dark tragedy of a beaten manhood.

And the mother, bent not with the weight of her years, but with the burden of a great sorrow, gray with snows that have come in cruel haste on the very heels of summer, sits beside him—her boy. She loves him still—for what he was. She keeps the memory. No part of her early vision is left to her. Her day dreams have melted, and to-day she gathers the broken threads together and seeks to weave them into the vague vision of other years.

If you had seen him you would have wondered if this could be that mother's boy. Faded she is and marked with the years, but she is beautiful, compared with the solid garble of a man buried in the fetid fumes of his own

debauch. The wind howls against the eaves as if to twist the roof from the cottage shell it had been pledged to protect. The windows rattle in their sockets, and the lamp on the rude table where she sits answers every gust of wind that blows. The shadow trembles on that pale, wan face, and she shivers. It is not because the little room is cold, nor because she fears the uncanny noises that the storm is tattooing on the old stove-pipe chimney, nor does she dread that the ragged form upon the sofa will rise from his heavy sleep. It is the bitterness of memory that chafes her sad heart and makes her tremble. Her boy—still hers—but somehow to-night she wishes for death for him and her. She thinks of the then and now, the days of her youth and his childhood—the first night he disclosed the appetite she dreaded, the kiss with which he had sealed her lips as he left her, her long, delirium of wakefulness, the heavy footfall, the prostrate form lying in the hall-way amid the shadows of the midnight, her own tears and the agony that filled her soul, and then the shame and humiliation of that morning meeting.

And now age had come and gray hairs. Now her child was a man—and such a man! The world despised him, and in his sober moments he despised himself—but to the mother he was still her boy. Battered and broken, the semblance of what he might have been, friendless and poor, he had still a mother, and she had still—a boy.

Rum may shatter homes and break friendships. It may damn and poison everything that a clean hand cares to touch. But there is a citadel that it has not taken, where, while life lasts, the prodigal may find an asylum for his penitence and his misery. The saloon has never yet dammed back the fountain of a mother's tears, nor has it stifled the full and free affection of a mother's heart.—'Home Herald.'

No Thank You.

I heard two collegians discussing the subject of wines, apropos to a college dinner.

'Of course,' said one, with a consequential touch of self-complacency, 'if a fellow hasn't wit enough to know when to stop, he'd better be careful at first. Some heads are built weak, you know.'

'Careful in what?' interpolated I.

'Why, drinking, of course,' said the speaker. 'A fellow has to take his seasoning sooner or later; some can stand it, some cannot, at least for a while.'

He was a freshman. His friend, a bearded senior, the only son of a rich man, slapped him good-naturedly on the shoulder. 'When I was your age, old fellow, my father said to me, "If I had my life to live over, I would never take a glass of wine nor smoke a cigar." I answered, "It would be foolish not to profit by what such a sensible man says." I have never tasted wine nor touched tobacco, and I am glad of it—gladder every day I live. I might have been built with a strong head, and then again I might not.'

'What do you say when you are offered a treat?'

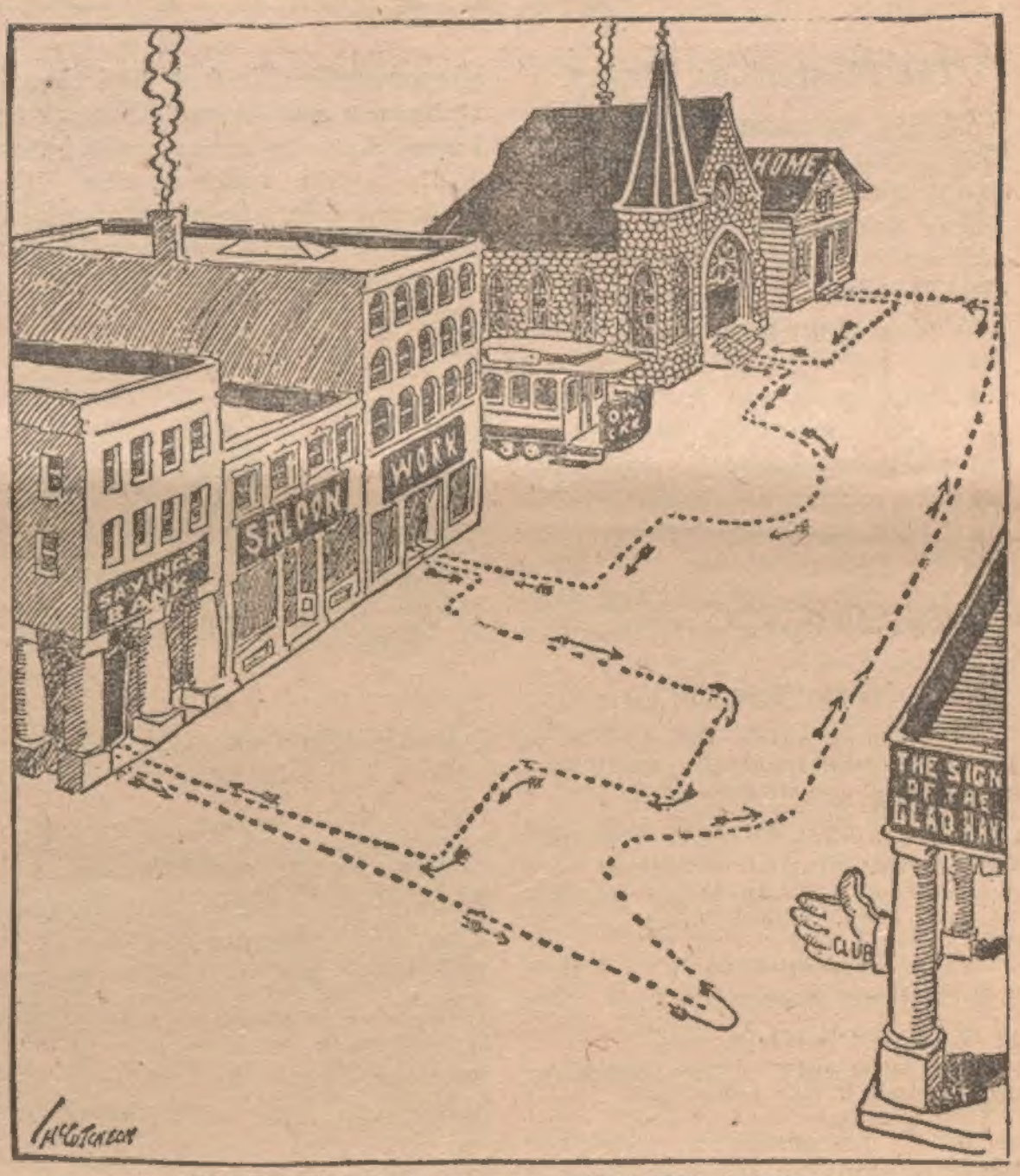
'I say, "No thank you, I never take it." Generally that settles the matter quietly.'

'And if they poke fun at you?'

'I let them poke, and stand by to be ready to put them to bed when their heads give out.'

There are—for the comfort of others let it be said—many strong enough to maintain this stand; sensible enough to see that the risks are not worth taking. It is the fool who meddles with firearms—the coward who carries a revolver.

If we could only divest boyish minds of the idea that there is something 'knowing' and dashing in tippling; make them comprehend that bravery, cleanliness, purity, and health and strength are with him who refuses to debase the temple of his body to even the first stages of dissipation, the work would be done. Our boys do not in the beginning, nor for a long time, drink, because they love the beverage. When the desire for liquor has come to them, the terrible danger has already fastened upon them.—'Watchman.'



IF MEN WOULD KEEP AWAY FROM THE SALOON.

The above cartoon was published in the 'Chicago Tribune' at the beginning of the year,' with the inscription: 'Subject to change without notice.' We believe the 'proposed line of march' is good enough to be made permanent.

If the men of the country for a whole year would go to church on the first day of the week (Sunday), and go to their work from Monday till Saturday by the proposed line of march, and on Saturday go to the savings bank and deposit their week's earnings, and go from the savings bank home by the above line of march, it would work the greatest moral and social revolution in the history of our country. The children of the poor would not cry for bread; pauper departments would scarcely be needed, even in our largest cities; the police force could be largely reduced and the criminal courts would have little to do. Let us hope that the time hastens when the men of the country will give the saloons a 'wide berth,' keeping just as far away from them as possible.

My Soldier Boy.

If a boy should ask you
If you ever smoke,
Ask for what he takes you,
Treat it as a joke,
Tell him tho' you sometimes
Have been called a 'brick,'
Hinting you're a chimney
Spreads it on too thick.

If he thinks you'd better
Try a glass of beer,
Tell him you would rather
Have your brain kept clear;
And you hope to come to
Something better far,
Than a thing to hoist a
Schooner o'er a bar.

If he laughs because you
Keep your pledges true,
Tell him that your mother
Holds some stock in you;
And he'd better, all day,
Laugh because you're right.
Than your wrong, to her eyes,
Bring one tear at night.

Never mind his laughing,
They should laugh who win
In the daily battle
Against wrong and sin.
Hold your head up bravely,
Tell him it's confessed
He who laughs the latest,
Always laughs the best.

—'Picture Leaflets, No. 4-2.'

Total Abstinence.

'In short even though the Bible does not explicitly command total abstinence as the duty of every child of God; the Bible evidently leaves it free to every child of God to be a total abstainer if he wishes to be; and, therefore, it is for the Christian believer to do, and to deem it his duty to do, that which, in the light of all that he sees and knows, is the best and safest thing to do. Looking around him, every man sees that better men than himself have become drunkards through attempting to be moderate drinkers; and he knows that there is no certainty that he will not drink to excess if he drinks at all, while he is perfectly safe so long as he remains a total abstainer— as he is privileged to remain. Every man sees, moreover, that his example in this matter is sure to influence some who are obviously weaker than himself; therefore, that if he drinks at all, he may lead these persons to drink to excess. Having the choice between drinking and abstaining, and knowing that by drinking he imperils himself and imperils others, while by abstaining he secures safety for himself and for others.—Dr. Trumbull, in the 'Sunday School Times,'

There are thousands of cases of paralysis, heart and lung difficulties, besides numerous other difficulties that are caused by breathing air poisoned by tobacco. In fact, smoking is a habit that sometimes kills one's friends even faster than one's self.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Mysterious Player.

'Molly,' mamma called softly, 'don't, dear! Baby's just beginning to get sleepy!'

The sharp little patter of trills and scales on the piano kept on undiminished.

'Molly, stop playing at once!' Mamma's voice had the ring of a command in it, but the patter of notes still continued. She did not dare to move, for baby's eyes were narrowing drowsily to little blue slits, and they must not fly open again. When at last the noise stopped they were shut, and baby had landed on Noddle's Island after a long trip on a 'choppy' sea.

Molly tiptoed into the room.

'Molly,' mamma said gravely, 'didn't you hear me tell you to stop drumming on the piano?'

'Why, I didn't drum; mamma!' whispered Molly, surprised. 'I haven't been in the music room at all!'

'Then it must have been Faith, but it didn't sound like her. She really plays little tunes.'

'Faithie's out in the hammock, mamma.'

'Why,' mamma said. 'And the boys are gone. Who could—Hark!'

There was the patter of notes again, running up and down the keyboard. Molly's eyes grew big with astonishment.

It was a queer little tuneless jig, with rests and 'andantes' and 'fortissimos' playing tag through it, and A flats and B sharps stepping on each other's heels.

Then it stopped short. Mamma held out her hand to Molly, and they stole to the music room door together—no one was there! Peter Purr lay curled on the sofa in a doze, not looking at all as if he had just seen a ghost. So the queer little mystery stayed undiscovered until a day or two later, when Molly suddenly stepped right into the middle of it. She was hurrying through the hall when she heard the piano 'going' again in the funny way.

'Oh, my!' she thought. 'There 'tis playing on itself again—hye-ee!'

For she had stopped at the door, and there was Peter Purr playing a tune all to himself! Peter Purr! Who ever would have thought? Molly stood and watched him do it. He leaped from the piano stool to the keyboard and whisked lightly back and forth in great delight at his own music. His soft, padded toes struck the notes gently and made funny little trills and quavers. Over and over again the tune played under his feet, and then it came to a sudden end. Peter Purr leaped down to the floor, and before Molly could unscrew the little puckered 'Oh!' of astonishment her lips made, he seemed to be fast asleep on the sofa.—'Youth's Companion.'

Long Clothes and Short Clothes.

(By Nora Chesson, in 'Father Tuck's Annual.')

Put away the cloak and flannels,
put away the morning gowns,
Lay them up in scattered rose
leaves, for the scent of summer
drowns
Cowslip-odours, in the country,
shop-bred lilac in the towns.

Put away the broidered flannels
that you worked with flower and
leaf,
For it's time to shorten Baby; Time
goes running on, the thief!
Shut away the robes from daylight,
half in pleasure, half in grief.
Now's the time to give full freedom
to the rosy curling toes;
Baby's cast off robe and mantle,
fast as grass the darling grows;
Soon the babe will be a toddler,
and the bud will be a rose.

The Twins' Party.

The twins were to have a party next week; mother was busy writing little notes of invitation, which they were going to carry around to their friends to-morrow. To-morrow would be Saturday.

Puss came running in; her face was red, and she did not seem like mother's Puss.

'Mother,' she began, in an aggrieved voice, as soon as she could get her breath, 'I s'posed it was mine as much as Phil's, and he—'

'What was yours as much as Phil's, dear?' mother stopped her torrent of words, to inquire.

'Why, the party; an' now he says he shall invite more'n I do. I just wish he wasn't my twin.'

Usually they were very happy twins, and loved each other dearly, but sometimes—well, sometimes they did not just agree. Perhaps Puss had been playing too hard. When you play too hard—anyway, it did Puss.

'I think Phil is willing you should choose half of the guests,' mother said, quietly.

'No, he isn't—he's mean,' declared the rebellious Puss, with a pout. 'I want a party alone.'

'You know that you cannot have two parties, Catherine. I think it is very nice to have your little friends together. Why, I never had a party, even with some one,' said mother.

She tried to reason Puss into a better state of mind, but finally she led Puss to the closet.

'Now, Catherine,' mother said—mother always said 'Catherine' when she was sorry. 'Now, Catherine, you must stay in here until you can come out and tell me you are sorry for being naughty. You may sit on the rag-bag, and I will leave the door open a crack.'

If mothers just wouldn't talk in such a sad, wobbly voice when you are naughty!

'It hurts me more than it does you to have to do this,' mother said, as she walked away.

Puss sat and drummed her heels. Probably Phil had only been fooling. She almost knew he had been. It was awfully still in the closet! Mother had never had a party! Goodness! Phil and she had had lots of them.

'I wonder how it feels never to have a party?' mused Puss.

And then she had an idea! She must tell Phil. Of course, Phil had been fooling. Puss was good that minute, and came out of the closet and told mother she was sorry, and then ran out to find Phil. She met him coming in search of her.

'O Phil, just you think! Mother's never had one party, an' we've had lots—' Puss paused for breath.

'What, not a single party! But prob'ly when you are old you don't care about parties.' Phil tried to look as if he believed it.

'But mother isn't old, Phil Dayton; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I guess she would like a party just as well as we would, and we must give her one.'

'Why, how can we give mother a party? It takes lots of work to make a party.' Phil was doubtful.

'I thought all about it. I had to—I went in the closet a little while, and I planned it. We can take our invitations to mamma's friends 'stead of ours to-morrow, and they will come and 'sprise her.'

Phil sat down on the steps to consider the plan. He drummed his heels loudly. You can think better when you drum—at least the twins can.

Of course, if mother had the party they could not have one, an' parties are nice. Mother had never had a single party. It must seem dreadful never to have had one. Mother should have their party.

The next day each of the mother's friends received an invitation, and were told to come and surprise her. It took a great deal of determination to keep the secret, but it was kept.

O, how surprised mother was! And when Aunt Edith explained why they were there instead of the troop of little folks mother expected to see, what do you think mother did? She sat right down and put her arms around Puss and Phil and—cried.

The twins did not like that the crying part very well, but Aunt Edith explained that grown folks sometimes cried for joy.

After they had settled down to enjoy the evening, Uncle Will gave Puss and Phil, on behalf of the company, a pretty gold ring for a birthday present.

The twins were as surprised as mother had been, but they did not cry.

'It's lovely, an' you're good,' Phil said.

'Yes, good,' Puss echoed, trying on her ring.

Mother let them sit up as late as any one staid, and they did not get one bit sleepy.

The twins always said that that was the best party they ever had. —Constance Prince, in 'Cumberland Presbyterian.'

Mary Had a Little Lamb.

The 'Mary who had a little lamb' was a Massachusetts little girl. The lamb was thrust out of the pen by its unnatural mother. Mary took care of it, and it became a great pet.

One day, when the lamb was to be taken to the pasture, no lamb was to be found. Hearing Mary singing on her way to school, her pet had quietly trotted after. On reaching the door, Mary carried it in and hid it in her desk. There it lay perfectly quiet, covered with Mary's shawl, until Mary was sent

to her spelling class. The lamb trotted after, and, as children then were very much like children now, of course they laughed. The teacher reproved Mary, until she explained the situation, when she allowed her to take her pet home.

It happened that on that morning a young man named Rawlston, who was preparing for Harvard, was at school. A few days later he produced three verses of the poem. How they came to be published is not known. The young man died soon after, not knowing of the immortality of the verses that have pleased so many readers.

Mary's lamb lived many years, and finally came to its death at the horns of an angry cow.

—'S. S. Messenger.'

THE NAUGHTY MOON.

Pale little moon in the morning light,
You look so wan, you look so white!
Is it because you are up too soon,
Poor little pale and tired-out moon?

But, no, that cannot be the case,
For night's the time to show your face,
And now it is morning, and half-past eight,
Ah, bad little moon, you are up too late!

—Addie Allen Vanden.

The Man Who Lives in the Pansy.

The Little Sister came in from the garden, her hands full of flowers, and begged her mamma for a story—'a brand-new one, mamma.' So mamma tried to think of a new story, while the Little Sister kept very still. At last mamma caught sight of a pansy among the flowers the Little Sister held, and this is what she told the Little Sister:

'In the middle of every pansy there lives a little old man. He must be a very cold little man, too, for he is always wrapped in a little yellow blanket, and even then has to have an extra covering of velvet pansy leaves to keep him warm. And he sits in the flower with only his head uncovered so that he can see the world.

'But the queerest thing about this little old man is that he always keeps his feet in a foot-tub. Such a funny little tub, too—so long and narrow that you wonder how he manages to get his feet in it. He does, though, for when you pull the tub off, there you will discover his two tiny feet, just as real as can be.'

The next time you pick a pansy, see if you can find the man, and his little foot-tub.—'Exchange.'

What Are They For?

What are your hands for little hands?
'To do each day the Lord's commands.'

What are your feet for—busy feet?
'To run on errands true and fleet.'

What are your lips for—rosy sweet?
'To speak kind words to all I meet.'

What are your eyes for—starry bright?
'To be the mirrors of God's light.'

—Mary F. Butts.

Correspondence

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have three brothers, and no sisters. We used to live in a town, but papa bought a farm about four miles out. We have been on the farm three years. Our school is half a mile from us. We had a cat, but it went away, and a dog, but he died. My brother takes the 'Witness,' and my uncle sends several 'Witnesses' to England to his friends, and they say it is the best paper they get. This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.'

MINA HEAD.

P. D., N.S.

Dear Editor,—It is a long time since I wrote to you last. Now we have a fine steamer called the 'Scotia,' in place of the one that was burned here last December. I one brother older than myself I do not get to school very much; but we are having our vacation now. I have two kittens, they are very cunning little things. I have a dear little baby sister named Salome. I am collecting postcards, but I have not very many yet.

ANNIE CAVANAH.

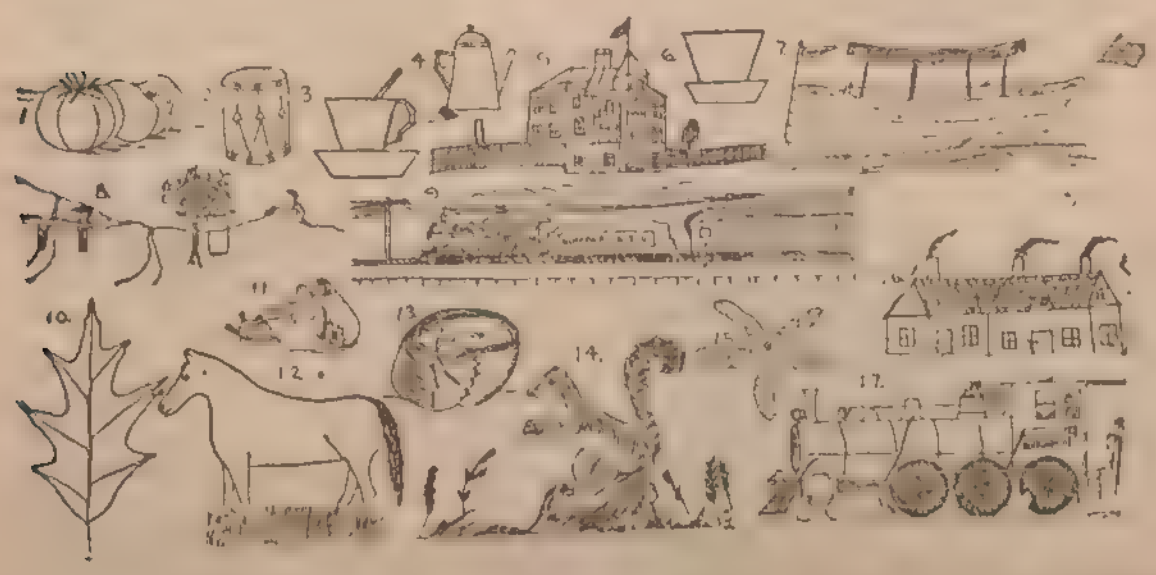
S. D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My cousin and myself are writing and drawing at the same time. My home is in A., but I am staying here for school. My sister goes to High School, and I am in the entrance class. I am going to try the entrance in the spring, but my poorest subject is arithmetic, but I am getting along fairly well, as we have a good teacher. I have no pets, but I love horses, and kittens and dogs.

BESSIE STEWART.

E., Alta.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to your paper, though when my mo-



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Tomatoes.' Eva Olsen (aged 11), R. C., Alta.

2. 'Drum.' Howard Thor (aged 8), R. C., Alta.

3. 'Cup and Saucer.' Kathleen V. Nickerson, S. B., N.S.

4. 'Teapot.' Hulda Hallberg (aged 7), R. C., Alta.

5. 'Our School.' Harold Robinson (aged 10), Toronto.

6. 'Flower Pot.' Myrtle Wiltzen (aged 7), R. C., Alta.

7. 'Launch.' Melville Coutts, Toronto.

8. 'Scene.' B. Stewart (aged 12), S. D., Ont.

9. 'A Train.' John Carruthers, C., Ont.

10. 'Oak Leaf.' U. E. P. (aged 13), B. C., P. Que.

11. 'His Master's Voice.' Addie Dodge (aged 12), D., Man.

12. 'Horse.' Joey Campbell, S. D., Ont.

13. 'Nest.' Henry Olsen (aged 9), R. C., Alta.

14. 'Red Squirrel.' Alfred Steedman (aged 11), S., Ont.

15. 'Star Fish.' Eddon Hallberg (aged 9), R. C., Alta.

16. 'House.' — Ormond, Ont.

17. 'Locomotives.' G. M. Sinclair (aged 12). H., N.S.

was away at Mahone Bay for four weeks visiting my grandma. She has a good orchard, and I had plenty of apples to eat. I am soon going to school again, and will be in the Fourth Grade.

JEAN K. G. DUNLOP (age 7 years.)

R. C., Alta.

Dear Editor,—We, the pupils of the R. C. school, are none of us subscribers of your nice little paper; but our teacher has it sent to her weekly, and we, seeing the pictures, thought we would send you a letter, and a drawing from each pupil in school. Our school has not a very large attendance, as you will see from the number of pictures. There are nine on the roll. Our school is situated near the Creek, and at noon we have much fun trying to catch the fishes as they go down the creek.

GERTIE THOR.

(Sec. of the corres. of the R. C. School).

E., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,— My grandmother gets the 'Messenger,' a friend sends it to her. I always read it for her, as she cannot see very well She is eighty-four years old. I have two grandmothers, and one grandfather living. My father died about a year and a half ago. I have ther was a little girl she used to get the 'Northern Messenger.' My grandmother lives in Ontario, and I go to see them nearly every year. My grandfather was brought up in Montreal.

BONNER MacMILLAN (aged 13).

V. A., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live on an island, about 80 miles from Vancouver. It is a very rocky place. This is a mining town; the mines are copper, gold, and silver. It is a very pleasant place to live in, but the men have to work seven days in the week. There are two schools, one church and two stores here.

G. M. P.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old and live on a farm. I have two sisters named Nellie and Lillian, and one brother named Willie. Willie and I go to school. A. is a nice little town. We live three miles from it. We have Sunday School in our schoolhouse. I go nearly every Sunday.

JOHNNIE MacQUEEN.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We are two brothers, and we live near the Grand River. We have a dog ramed Buster, and a cat named Tip. We go to the Presbyterian Sunday School every Sunday. We each won a diploma for memory verses.

ROY BULLOCK (8 years old).
RUSSELL BULLOCK (10 years old).

S. D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to the High School, at N. Falls every day on the train. We have seven teachers, and an assembly hall and gymnasium, which the boys enjoy very much. There are three girls besides myself that go. The train goes up at 7.47 a.m., and down at 6.30 p.m. There has been a prety good fruit crop here this year, and good prices. I think that chickens are a pretty good thing to go in for during the holiday months.

JOE CAMPBELL.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a large farm by Senator Edwards. My father is manager. We moved here a year and nine months ago from Hamilton, and I go to school, which is about half a mile away. My birthday was in October, and I got a lot of nice presents. I am 8 years old.

EDNA SMITH.

D., Colo.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and in the fourth grade. Our school has been going for two weeks, and we like our teacher very well. We live in the south-west corner of Colorado, on a farm, and we can raise anything without irrigating. We have all our hay and grain stacked now. We cut two crops of alfalfa. We have about fifteen acres of potatoes to dig yet. We have quite a lot of grapes, though all our other fruits were a failure on account of late frost. Our nearest market is in D. There is a railway running through it. Our county fair is held at Cortez, about 8 miles from here, and we are all going.

ROY HAMMOND.

OTHERS LETTERS.

A correspondent in Ormond, Ont., sends two riddles, that have been asked, however, and two drawings but signed no name.

Murray S., Flodden, P.Q., is only six but he did not want Flodden left out, so he sent a little letter. That's right, Murray, always look out for the interests of the place where you live. Your riddle has been asked before.

Marion E. Cross, G., Ont., is another new comer to our circle. You seem to have some fine buildings in your town, Marion.

Lela S. Acorn, M. V., P.E.I., sends four riddles, but they have been asked before. Don't you think the story you sent is a little too hard on poor Maria?

Walter Colburn, W.H., N.S., says they have had quite a heavy snowfall. Glad to hear the potatoes did so well, Walter.

Alec. Robb, N., Ont., is only seven years old, but he can, and sometimes does, milk a cow.

Pearl Mckenzie, U., Ont. is another seven-year-old. She has seven dolls, too; is that one for each year, Pearl? You forgot to enclose answers for your riddles.

Dorothy Polkinghorne, C., Ont., also forgot to enclose answers with her riddles.

W. Reynolds, A., Ont., says, 'Gamey, our rooster, is a very cunning bird, and also a very fine one.' The answer sent is not quite right, and the riddle enclosed has been asked before.

More riddles that have been already asked are sent in by Sadie M. Coburn, R., N.B. The answer to Young Toronto's riddle (Sept. 6), is given—Longfellow. So your lessons and practising keep you 'pretty busy,' Sadie.

Una E. Peasley, B.C., Que., is looking forward to Christmas, and they are preparing for a Christmas tree at her school already. Dear me, it's really coming, then. Here is a question Una sends—What mechanic never turns to the left?

We have also had short, but very nice letters from Rhea L. Walker, E., Ont.; Catherine Slack- M., P. Que., Hattie, and John Carruthers, C., Ont., who appear to be twins, as they are both twelve years old; and Ruby Wright M., Man

HOUSEHOLD.

Business Woman's Rules.

Be honest.
Don't worry.
Be courteous to all.
Keep your own counsel.
Dont' complain about trifles.
Be loyal to your employer.
Don't ask for vacations.
Be business-like, not womanish.
Be prompt—a little ahead of time—if possible.
Be neat and attractive but unobtrusive, in your person.
Take kindly criticism in the spirit in which it was intended.
Do the very best you can each day and every day, so that when there is a chance for promotion, you will not only be 'called, but chosen.'—Selected.

Perfection in Letter Writing.

For a perfect correspondence several things are requisite. In the first place, good manners. There are those who, in conversation, have the tact to keep off sore places who cannot be trusted when they write. But the ideal correspondence never wounds. Happy are those who, when they read this, call to mind certain familiar handwritings which are the assurance of pleasure, which inspire no fear. Cowper, who after all is the greatest of English letter writers, begins one epistle: 'Thou dear, comfortable cousin, whose letters among all that I receive have this property peculiarly their own, that I expect them without trembling, and never find anything in them that does not give me pleasure.'

Then the correspondents must be on a level. To write down or to write up to any one can never be natural. The natural correspondence is between equals. What the one has not the other may supply; there cannot and should not be perfect identity of taste and accomplishment; but in the summing up there should be an equality.

Then there ought to be perfect sympathy. Agreement in opinion is by no means necessary—in fact a certain divergence gives piquancy to interest, and those persons who cannot be friendly with others of different political or literary views are not worthy of an enriching correspondence. But there must be no disagreement except in opinions. Then there must be unity in what lies far below opinion. All this means a great deal. It means that each should do his part. Fanny Kemble had a rule of writing to her correspondents exactly as much as they wrote to her. This principle may be pressed too hard, but it is at bottom sound. No correspondence will last where one sends two sheets and the other sends four.

Further, in any true correspondence each letter begins by commenting upon the last letter received. In this many who are fond of letter writing conspicuously fail, and no one in my recollection fails more absolutely than Southey, who, except in a few cases, seems to take little account of his correspondent's last communication, and proceeds immediately to the interminable story of his own production. Then there must be a certain leisureliness. The best letters are not, as a rule, written in haste. They are generally written in the country, and form an important part of the day's thought and work.—Claudius Clear, in the 'British Weekly.'

AN ACCEPTABLE PREMIUM

Subscribers (new or renewal), sending to this office forty cents for twelve month's subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' will UPON REQUEST be sent, as a premium, a copy of the fine Christmas Number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' containing about 1,500 square inches of exquisite illustrations. This offer is good up to November 30, and is open to all subscribers in Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland and the British Isles.

When the Burden of Poverty Falls Heavy.

Wherever there is poverty, we see delicate mothers and the merest babies set to the tasks of men, writes Robert Hunter in the 'Cosmopolitan.' When hunger presses upon a family, the woman takes up her work, and perhaps it ends here; but if necessity compels further effort, the children are taken from their play and they, too, are sent forth into the fields, factories or mines. And so we see that we may measure poverty by the number of these weaker ones who toil. It would all come out well enough, perhaps, were it not that the necessity of these struggling ones breeds necessity, and their poverty greater poverty. For in that great mass of suffering humanity which fights for deliverance, in our own as well as in every other country, every additional effort on their part is in itself a factor in their ruin. Mr. Rockefeller has so far solved the problem of supply and demand that oil does not compete with oil and sell for less than what it costs to produce it. But no one has yet solved that problem for poor humanity, so that among these in abject poverty the mother goes forth to compete for the work done by the father, and the children for the work done by either the mother or the father. In many places the women displace the men, and the children in turn displace the mothers. Wages are lowered, hours lengthened, and when the cheaper labor supplants the more expensive, the fate of the poor is in the end worse than it was in the beginning. In this field of unregulated competition, where human is pitted against human, man against woman; and the children against the parents, slavery and poverty, brutality and oppression, are still the lot of mankind.

Therefore, wherever you find poverty, wherever there is a sullen, niggardly nature, an oppressive landlordism or capitalism seeking cheap labor, there you will also find that the men are lazy, indifferent, shiftless and drunken Men accept the inevitable, and if it mean starvation, they do not try to postpone the day of its coming. They stop the struggle and wait. They refuse to carry on a losing battle. With women it is different. The nearer they are to starvation, the more desperately they toil. For instance, in the famine districts of Italy they are up before dawn to gather herbs or acorns for the breakfast. They go into the fields and work until they sink from exhaustion.

They work harder than the men for half the wages. They return home in the dark and prepare the evening meal, eating only what is left over; and after the cleaning up is done they sit down to sew or spin while the husband dozes or smokes. The children are put to bed, and then the mother returns to her work, patching and repairing, knitting and sewing, until exhausted. If there be illness she remains awake the night through to attend to the needs of the sick one, and when the others awake in the morning they see that the mother has long been about her work. Men give up the fight with poverty and drink themselves into insensibility, while women, thinking not of themselves but the children never cease to struggle until struggle is no longer possible.

A SPLENDID PRIZE.

OPEN TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAGE.

We are giving away every month large numbers of fine premiums, watches and chains, pens, knives, stamps and pads, etc., for sale of 'Canadian Pictorial' at ten cents an issue.

We also allow those who prefer it, to sell the 'Canadian Pictorial' on cash commission. But we have a new

SPECIAL PRIZE OFFER

in addition to these.

To the boy (or girl) throughout Canada who sells the largest number of copies of November and December taken together, we will, in addition to all premiums or commissions earned, award a FINE BUNTING FLAG, 3 ft x 1½ ft., of the same design and excellent quality as the large four and six yard flags we have imported for the schools.

Now is the time to 'bend to the oar.' A brisk November trade gives you a good lift for this Flag Competition, and makes the best sort of foundation for December business. Even if you have never sold a 'Pictorial' before, you can begin right now, and have as good a chance as anyone.

Remember, we trust you with a package of November issue to start on, and send letter of instructions, premium list, etc. Then when you sell all the required number, and remit us in full for them, we send you the premium you have earned, and still count all these sales TOWARDS THE FLAG.

Flag award made Jan. 15. Lose no time in sending the order for your first dozen.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—Other Perseverance Prizes in view. GET BUSY.

'Shop Manners.'

That excellent trade journal, 'The Draper,' has been discussing 'Shop Manners,' and brings a severe indictment against ladies as to their treatment of shop assistants:—

Nine women out of ten never think of saying Thank you, whatever service you may do for them; and the young people behind the counter are generally reminded that they are only young persons put there to do their calling . . . Women are seen at their worst when out shopping.

We fear, judging from the independent testimony of many 'assistants,' that there is too much truth in this charge. Customers may well remember the long hours, the trying conditions, the monotony, and the wearisome detail of shop life, and try to make the duty as pleasant as possible to these young people, who, perforce, cannot 'answer back'!—Selected.

Mending is a Science.

Every girl should be taught to mend. When sewing on buttons sew through and through the button until the hole is full of thread, then wrap the thread around the button three times, put the thread through the wrong side and fasten well. On mens' garments use linen thread when possible. Ruffles should be cut on the bias of the goods, matching the figure or stripe and pressing the seam on the wrong side. In this way it does not require as much material and the ruffles look much neater. Facings of all widths should be cut on the bias. Do not pucker or gather a seam in sewing it, and take care to fasten your thread before you cut it, so that your work will not ravel. On these points altogether the fit or hang of the garment depends. It injures the enamel of your teeth to bite the thread. Darns and patches should always be pressed. Bear this in mind. You will see that oftimes the mending is scarcely noticeable. Cultivate a pride in doing the mending.

A Splendid New Serial.

A thrilling story, touching on one of the most stirring times the world has ever seen —the time of Thermopylae, Salamis and Plataea—will shortly start in both 'Daily' and 'Weekly Witness.'

The story is an entirely new one, and copyright has been procured by the publishers of the 'Witness' from the author, Wm. Stearns Davis, well-known already as the author of 'Belshazzar,' 'God Wills It,' 'A Friend of Caesar,' etc.

The 'Victor of Salamis,' is of absorbing interest from start to finish. A story of life and action throughout, of heroism amid dangers, of treachery, of bravery, of ambition and daring. Its characters are Greeks and Persians of the long ago, who, under the author's skilful pen become real human beings, whose career we follow with the keen interest of personal acquaintance. 'Messenger' subscribers who enjoy a good story (and who does not?) should secure the 'Witness' at once before the story starts. Clubbed with the 'Messenger,' the 'Weekly Witness' will cost only $1.20 per annum. The 'Weekly Witness' will be started at once, and the 'Messenger' extended one year from expiry of present subscription.

Just a Friendly Introduction.

PASS IT ON.

There is no paper for home and Sunday reading that has won for itself such a warm welcome in the homes of Canada as the "Northern Messenger." Children delight in it now whose grandparents delighted in it forty years ago, and still feel that in their declining years there is nothing like it. Everywhere it is known it is spoken of with esteem, even with affection. It's influence in a home is beyond estimation, and can always be counted on as "making for righteousness." It is because the "Messenger" subscribers are its friends that we can confidently look to them to speak a good work at this subscription season in behalf of the "Messenger," to their friends and neighbors who do not know it so well.

Especially do we ask this in connection with those who are making new homes for themselves not only in the West, but throughout of the whole Dominion. Think of the pleasure a paper like the "Messenger" would bring, coming the year round to some of the isolated homes in newly settled districts. A few words to one of these new settlers, or would accomplish much. The plan outlined this page, cut out and slipped in a letter, on this page, which will appear from time to time, will enable our subscribers to do us this friendly service, and at the same time each subscriber and friend secured would be able to congratulate themselves and each other n getting such an attractive paper at so low a price—exactly half the usual rate.

You should send your own subscription with an ordinary letter bearing this ⊗ sign plainly marked at the top, and so save the blank form printed at the lower right hand corner of this page for the convenience of your friend.

But if you do not care to cut your "Northern Messenger," you need only show the plan to a friend and tell him that the two important points in sending his subscription are (1) to mention your name and address as the person who introduced the "Northern Messenger," and (2) to mark his letter with a heavy cross inside a circle, so that it may go to the department in our office created to attend to this "Pass on the Introduction" scheme.

At this time of the year when subscriptions are being sent in anyway, our readers may reap the benefit for themselves and their friends in the reduced rates which would be warranted by these introductions, and consequent increase in the circulation of the paper.

Our calculation is that we will in time be able to make good the loss on the additional new subscriptions taken on this basis by charging advertisers a higher figure. But those who "pass on the introduction," and so extend the circulation are in the meantime entitled to the full benefit of the extended circulation.

Only subscribers in Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), and subscribers in the British Isles and such of the British Dominions and Colonies as do not demand extra postage, are entitled to take advantage of this "Pass on the Introduction" scheme.

THE PLAN

PASS ON THE INTRODUCTION

Everyone who sends twenty cents
for a six months' subscription
to the "Northern Messenger"

will have his subscription extended
for six months more free of charge if he will

INTRODUCE the "Northern Messenger"
WITHIN TWO WEEKS of sending his subscription
TO SOMEONE WHO has not taken it hitherto
AND WHO in his turn, and within the two weeks
shall become a subscriber by
sending twenty cents for a six months' subscription
AND WHO when remitting his subscription
names the person to whom he is indebted
for introducing the "Northern Messenger" and this
"Pass on the Introduction" plan.

N. B.—By the above plan you and your friend
and your friend's friend's friend's friend
without limit may enjoy the "Northern Messenger"
at half rates.

A SUGGESTION FOR YOU

A friend of yours
who has not hitherto subscribed for the "Northern Messenger" will be glad both to know of it and to take advantage of the following proposition. Then why not mark the following letter and hand or send this copy to a friend? The following are submitted simply to save the time of yourself and friend.

Dear.....

If you are not already taking the "Northern Messenger" just look through this copy. If you like it, kindly give my name and address to the publishers as the one who introduced it to you and enclose twenty cents to pay for your own trial subscription for six months.

Then if you introduce the "Northern Messenger" to some friend of yours who will appreciate it and will, within two weeks of your remittance, send twenty cents to pay for his subscription for six months (also on the same conditions and with the same opportunity of securing a six months' free extension) the publishers will show their appreciation of your kind offices as they did of mine by extending your subscription for an additional six months free of charge. And your friend and your friend's friend will all enjoy the same opportunity of obtaining a six months' extension free of charge, so it is in everybody's interest that each "pass on the introduction."

I am,
Yours faithfully,

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....190....

A SUGGESTION FOR YOUR FRIEND

To the Publishers of the "Northern Messenger,"

"Witness" Block, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:

I am indebted to M.....whose address is.....for having introduced the "Northern Messenger." I hereby subscribe twenty cents for a six months' subscription on condition that if I also introduce the "Northern Messenger" to a friend who subscribes on the same conditions within two weeks of this date my subscription shall be extended for an additional six months free of charge.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....190....

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CHRISTMAS TOYS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Only a few more weeks, and it will be time to fill the Christmas stockings. These are usually busy days to mothers all over the land, but a glance over this page will help solve the problem as to what to give. The children will get more keen enjoyment from these home-made toys than from the most expensive ones bought in the shops. Baby will be delighted with a rag doll, such as the one shown here, and as for 'Tige,' and Teddy Bear, they are sure to receive a welcome in any household where there is a child. They are not at all difficult to make. Bearskin, cottonplush and Canton flannel may all be used in the making, and excelsior, hair or sawdust will do for filling. Chamois or pieces of old kid gloves may be utilized in making the soles of the feet. Shoe buttons will serve nicely for eyes, and the mouth may be simulated by black thread. Of course Teddy must be fitted out with suitable garments. Nothing more cunning could be imagined than the little rough rider suit and working clothes here pictured. Miss Dolly's outfit is the very latest in cut, and includes a 'Peter Pan' dress, a blouse dress and a little guimpe, that are 'just the dearest.' These patterns are so simple that they could be easily cut out by the little maid herself, and will prove most fascinating work for the first dressmaking lesson.

Animal Set No. 5223 contains an Elephant, Monkey and Rabbit, and set No. 5584 consists of a Sheep, Dog, and Pig. 15 cents for each, or 25 cents for both sets.

Teddy Bear, No. 5712. Sizes for 12, 15 and 18 inches. Price 10 cents. 'Tige.' No. 5944. One size, 8 inches. Price 10 cents.

Rag Doll. No. 5980. One size, 18 inches. Price 10 cents.

Doll's Wardrobe. No. 5985. Consisting of Peter Pan Dress, Over-blouse Dress with Guimpe, Petticoat and Drawers. Sizes for 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inch doll. Price 15 cents.

Teddy Bear Outfit. No. 5982. Consisting of Rough Rider Suit and Overalls. Price 10 cents.

No coupon need be sent for these patterns. Write number and size very plainly on ordinary paper, mentioning also name of pattern to avoid mistakes. Note the different prices and send the correct amount, in stamps or postal order, to 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Christmas Needlework.

Many of our readers would like to include a little real lace among their Christmas gifts for friends, but think it perhaps more difficult than it really is. We have arranged to supply patterns for real Battenberg lace, stamped in black on blue cambric, each pattern with illustrated working directions, so simple as to enable almost anyone to make these dainty articles. The designs will cover doylies, centrepieces, sideboard or piano scarfs and runners, collars, handkerchiefs, etc. Patterns can be used over and over again. The cuts are all greatly reduced. Full size of cambric pattern given with each design.

For the additional accommodation, of out-of-town readers particularly, we can supply the necessary material in best quality linen braid, thread, and crocheted rings. Prices vary for both patterns and materials according to size and quality. Read descriptions carefully, and send money in postal note, money order, or registered letter. Stamps (one and two cent) accepted for small sums. Always send illustration with order to avoid mistakes, and carefully state size when design is given in various sizes.

Readers will bear in mind that the materials we supply are not cotton, but the best imported linen throughout, so that if the cost is higher than the braids ordinarily sold, the quality fully makes up for it in beauty of appearance and in durability.

DESIGN NO. 85.—LACE HANDKERCHIEF.
(Size, 9 inches.)

The above design could be worked out either for lace handkerchief or for a small doyley or tray-cloth. A simple design, quickly worked, yet very effective. Price of cambric pattern for this design, fifteen cents. Material for working (six yards narrow braid, eight rings, thread), will be sent if desired, price 25 cents, or material for three for only 60 cents, if sent with pattern order.

For the handkerchief, the crocheted rings could be omitted if desired, and replaced by suitable stitching.

DESIGN NO. 46.
REAL LACE COLLAR.
Width, 7 in., length, 42 in.

A pretty and very easily worked Battenberg lace collar; may be worn with evening dresses, or any other occasions. Particularly effective worn over plain coat collar.

Price of cambric pattern for this design only twenty-five cents. Material for working, 15 yards, braid, 20 crocheted rings, 1 skein thread) sent postpaid for sixty cents; or, if fancy braid is preferred, price will be seventy-five cents.

Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Selected Recipes.

WHAT TWO EGGS WILL DO.—Two eggs, half a cup of milk and one large tablespoonful of flour. Separate the yolks from the whites, and beat the whites until perfectly stiff; next beat the yolks, braiding the flour in with them; add the milk, putting it in very gradually, not more than a teaspoonful of a time, and lastly, beat the whites thoroughly into the mixture. Have ready a well-buttered spider, and, as the edges cook, lift them. Brown the top in the oven, and fold it over as it is taken from the spider. If these directions are followed exactly this omelet is easily made, and once used, generally takes the place of all recipes formerly in favor.

FIVE LAYER CAKES.—Few people are familiar with coffee as a flavoring for layer cake, yet it makes one of the most delicious known. For the layers, cream one-half pound of butter and one pound of sugar. Add six well-beaten eggs, one pound and one ounce of flour, one-half pint of milk and two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat vigorously, and bake in round jelly cake pans. To make the filling, tie two large tablespoonfuls of well-ground Mocha and Java coffee in a piece of cheese-cloth, put the bag in the pot and pour over it three-quarters of a cupful of boiling water. Cover closely and let simmer slowly for ten minutes. Remove from the fire and let stand until settled. Reserve one tablespoonful for icing. Put the remainder in a double boiler and add three-quarters of a cup of sugar, a pinch of salt and three-quarters of a cup of milk. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed to a paste with a little milk, and allow the mixture to cook for two minutes; then pour over one well-beaten egg and spread between the layers. To make the icing stir one-quarter of a pound of confectionery sugar into the tablespoonful of hot coffee and spread over the surface of the cake.

POACHED EGGS.—Take one pint of sweet milk and let come almost to a boil. Then add half a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, and six well-beaten eggs, and stir steadily till it thickens, take from the fire before it gets very thick and pour over buttered toast.

CELERY.—To prepare celery so it is crisp and appetizing, cut off all the outside stalks, leaving only the tender white part. This is not wasteful, as all the coarse stalks and the root ends may be used for soups or for stewing. After stripping off the outside stalks, split the edible part in halves lengthwise or in quarters if the stalk is very thick. Whittle the root end down to a point. Wash each portion perfectly clean in very cold water, then put a layer of chipped ice in the bottom of a long deep dish and place a layer of celery on the ice, dust the celery with granulated sugar, then put on a layer of chipped ice, not forgetting to dust each layer lightly with the sugar. When all is packed stand the dish in the icebox until ready to serve, then take the celery out of its packing and lay it in a celery dish with freshly chipped ice over it.

Every Boy Wants
A WATCH and CHAIN.
FREE
For selling 25 copies of that popular illustrated monthly, the "Canadian Pictorial" at 10 cents each. Send us the $2.50 and you get at once a guaranteed Ingersoll Watch, stem wind, stem set, and a neat, serviceable Chain. Watch alone for selling 20. Other premiums—all good. Everyone likes the "Pictorial." It "sells at sight" Beautiful gloss paper. Over 1,000 square inches of exquisite pictures in each issue. Many worth framing. Orders for current issue rushing in. Don't be among the last. Orders promptly filled. Send no money, but drop us a postcard, and we will forward supply of "Pictorials" also premium list and full instructions. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial," "Witness" Block, Montreal.
N.B.—Besides earning premiums, your sales will all count in our splendid prize competition. Write for particulars.

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at Lowest Cost
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SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'